

# STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 201

26p



RETURN OF

# STARHAWK



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# RETURN OF STARHAWK

THE REMOTE ARCTUREAN SECTOR OF THE SCIENTIFIC OUTPOST BASED ON THE ICE PLANET NEXUS 5, WAS RECEIVING SUPPLIES BROUGHT BY THE FREIGHTER, ZENON STAR.

UNLOADING WILL BE COMPLETE IN ONE HOUR, CAPTAIN OXLEY.

CUT THAT BY 15 MINUTES AND THERE'LL BE A BONUS. REMEMBER — TIME IS MONEY!



4  
INSIDE THE BASE—

SUPPLIES CONSIGNMENT  
COMPLETE, MCNAB. BEATS ME  
WHY YOU'VE MAROONED  
YOURSELVES HERE BUT THERE'S  
NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE...

I CAN DO  
WITHOUT THE  
WISECRACKS,  
OXLEY.

AIRLOCK-CAUTION



MOMENTS LATER IN THE COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE OF NEXUS 5.

ASTEROID! A BIG ONE. IS  
NEXUS BASE IN DANGER,  
MCNAB?

IT'S STILL A LONG WAY OUT,  
BUT IT'S CERTAINLY  
HEADING THIS WAY.





AS THE OBJECT MOVED CLOSER—

IT ISN'T AN ASTEROID! IT'S  
ARTIFICIAL, AND COMING FROM  
THE DEEPEST REACHES OF  
UNCHARTED SPACE THAT CAN  
MEAN ONLY ONE THING—



IT... IT'S  
ALIEN...

INSTRUMENTS DETECT NO  
ENERGY EMISSIONS. ALL  
EVIDENCE SUGGEST IT'S A  
DERELICT HULK.



WE MUST INTERCEPT IT AS  
SOON AS POSSIBLE... TRY  
TO DIVERT IT.

THEN YOU'VE A PROBLEM,  
MCNAB. MY SHIP IS THE ONLY  
CRAFT WITHIN FIFTY STARDAYS  
OF YOU, AND MY TIME IS  
MONEY!



SOME TIME LATER, AS THE ZENON STAR  
BLASTED AWAY FROM THE BASE.

YOU DRIVE A HARD  
BARGAIN, CAPTAIN.

I'M IN BUSINESS,  
PAL... AND YOU  
PAID THE GOING  
RATE.

MANY STARDAYS LATER—

GREAT COSMOS! IT'S EVEN BIGGER THAN I THOUGHT.

SEE HOW THE METAL HULL  
IS SCARRED BY METEORS  
— IT'S MY GUESS IT HAS  
BEEN JOURNEYING FOR  
THOUSANDS OF YEARS...



7  
THE ZENON STAR CIRCLED THE COLLOSSAL  
SHIP, SCANNING EVERY INCH OF ITS AWESOME  
BULK. FINALLY—

VERY WELL, WE'RE GOING  
IN. PREPARE FOR LANDING.

NO SIGN OF  
LIFE, CAPTAIN.



SOON—

BY RIGHTS WE SHOULD BE  
WEIGHTLESS, CAPTAIN. SOME  
FORM OF ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY  
MUST STILL BE IN OPERATION  
HERE.

THAT'S WHAT WORRIES ME!  
WHY HAS A FUNCTIONAL  
CRAFT NO LIFE?

INSIDE THE MASSIVE  
SPACECRAFT—

GREAT COSMOS! I EXPECTED TO  
FIND A CARGO HOLD — OR  
MAINTENANCE DOCK. BUT A  
JUNGLE! THE ATMOSPHERE IS  
BREATHABLE!

FASCINATING! SO MUCH TO  
STUDY. EVEN THE SOURCE OF  
ILLUMINATION IS A MYSTERY.  
YOU'VE NOT OPENED YOUR  
HELMET, CAPTAIN...



TWO OF MCNAB'S MEN  
WERE INVESTIGATING.

LOOK AT THIS  
FLORA... FANTASTIC!



WHAT THE—



AAAA!

OVER THERE!  
QUICKLY!



SECONDS LATER—



BACK AT THE SHIP THE LONE CREWMAN  
WITNESSED THE CARNAGE THAT FOLLOWED—

IT'S NO USE, OXLEY.  
WE'RE — AAHHHHH!





SECONDS LATER ALL TRANSMISSIONS /  
DISSOLVED INTO A MESS OF  
STATIC...

IT WAS HARD TO TELL WHAT WAS  
HAPPENING. THEY NEED HELP,  
THAT'S FOR SURE — AND I'M NOT  
GOING ALONE — NOW WHERE IS IT?

MOMENTS LATER—

STARHAWK'S CARD...

IF YOUR CAUSE IS JUST  
BUT THE ODDS ARE  
TOO GREAT  
**USE ME**

BAINS THRUST THE CARD INTO THE COMMUNICATIONS CONSOLE—

THAT'S THAT... WELL, I SUPPOSE  
I'LL HAVE TO GO ALONE NOW...

AT THAT MOMENT, MANY PARSECS AWAY ON THE  
PLANET RELGORE MAXIMUS...

THAT SEMI-HUMAN CYBORG KILLER  
IS HEADING FOR COVER, MISTER  
RYNN. LOOK OUT!

TASTE BLASTER  
FIRE, CREEP!





RYNN AND DROID HAD TRACKED URGATHAAD, A CYBORG ASSASSIN, TO THE LAWLESS WORLD.

HA! THE MIGHTY STARHAWK HAS BITTEN OFF MORE THAN HE CAN CHEW BY GOIN' AFTER URGATHAAD!



MY SELF-PRESERVATION CIRCUITS URGE A STRATEGIC WITHDRAWAL. THE SITUATION IS GETTING UGLIER BY THE MINUTE.





SECONDS LATER RYNN WAS GUNNING A HEAVY VEHICLE TOWARDS THE DERELICT BUILDING WHICH SHELTERED THE KILLER.









GOOD MORNING, REPROBATE.  
SUMMON THE SPACE RIDER, DROID,  
AND PREPARE THE SPECIAL  
ACCOMMODATION FOR OUR VALUED  
GUEST.

BEING AN EXTENSION OF THE SHIP'S  
CIRCUITS HIMSELF, DROID COULD  
CONTROL THE SPACE RIDER REMOTELY.  
MOMENTS LATER.



STOP THEM!

HE'S AS HEAVY AS AN  
ARCTURIAN RHINOPHANT.  
WE'LL HAVE TO WINCH HIM  
ABOARD.

SPACE RIDER WILL ARRIVE IN 3  
SECONDS. THE MOB WILL BE  
UPON US IN 41 WHY DO YOU  
HAVE TO GET US INTO THESE  
PREDICAMENTS, MISTER RYNN.

EVEN AS THE MOB REACHED THEM, THE SPACE RIDER'S MAGNETIC GRAB PULLED RYNN AND DROID CLEAR.

QUIT ROCKING THE BOAT, THAAD. WAVE BYE-BYE TO YOUR PLAYMATES.


REALLY, MISTER RYNN. WHY YOU HUMANS RESORT TO CHILDISH HUMOUR IN TIMES OF DANGER I'LL NEVER KNOW!

PRESENTLY—

NEXT STOP ABRON DELTA WHERE WE HAND OVER URGH THAAD TO THE AUTHORITIES FOR TRIAL.


I'M NOT SURE WE CAN DO THAT, MISTER RYNN.





SOMEONE HAS USED OUR CARD, MISTER RYNN. I'VE TRACED THE SIGNAL TO SECTOR VIOLET SEVEN.

THAT FAR OUT, AND IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.



WE HAVE NO CHOICE, DROID. I AM HONOUR-BOUND TO ANSWER THAT CALL. THAT IS MY PRIORITY. URGATHAAD WILL HAVE TO COME ALONG FOR THE RIDE.



SECTOR VIOLET SEVEN, DROID, AT TOP SPEED. WE'VE A LONG WAY TO GO, AND I PRAY WE'RE NOT TOO LATE.

STARHAWK PUSHED THE SPACE RIDER  
TO ITS VERY LIMIT. FINALLY —

THE SIGNAL SOURCE IS  
IN THAT SPACE FREIGHTER, MISTER  
RYNN. NO SIGNS OF LIFE —  
OF ANY KIND.

HOW COME IT'S DOCKED ON  
THAT ASTEROID SPACECRAFT?  
THAT WEIRD DESIGN IS LIKE  
NOTHING I'VE SEEN BEFORE. IT  
GIVES ME A BAD FEELING  
DROID.

STARHAWK LOST NO TIME IN ENTERING THE ZENON STAR.

MY CARD, BUT WHAT CAUSED  
THE CREW TO USE IT?

THIS LOG MAY TELL US,  
MISTER RYNN. LOOK —



GREAT GALAXIES, DROID. THEY DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST IT — WHATEVER IT IS...

AND THEN —

MOMENTS LATER, BACK AT THE SPACE RIDER, STARHAWK EQUIPPED HIMSELF FOR ACTION.

UNLIKE THE CREW OF THE ZENON STAR, WE ARE EXPECTING TROUBLE AND CAN DISH OUT PLENTY OURSELVES IF NECESSARY. WISH ME LUCK, EH, URG!

DROP DEAD, STARCREEP!

THAT RECORDING SHOWS SOMETHING VERY MUCH ALIVE AND NASTY IN THIS HULK. PITY THE IMAGE WAS SO BLURRED. IT WOULD BE AN ADVANTAGE TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST.

I'VE A NOTION WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH, MISTER RYNN.



DROID'S PROBING SENSORS ACTIVATED AN AIRLOCK LARGE ENOUGH TO ALLOW THE PASSAGE OF THE FLIER, AND ONCE INSIDE —

WOWEE? IT'S AMAZING, BEAUTIFUL. A PLACE FULL OF LIFE IN A BREATHABLE ATMOSPHERE. BUT DEATH LURKS BELOW US SOMEWHERE. GET SCANNING, DROID.

I HAVE ALREADY COMPLETED A PRELIMINARY SURVEY, MISTER RYNN. NO SIGN OF LIFE, HUMANOID OR OTHERWISE ...

THE SEARCH CONTINUED —

DOWN THERE, DROID! SCANNER SHOWS RESIDUAL HEAT. THE TREES LOOK AS THOUGH THEY HAVE SUFFERED BLASTERFIRE.



THEY LANDED —

HERE'S THE HEAT SOURCE! A STRONTO 3 MEGABLASTER — STANDARD ISSUE TO THE LIKES OF THE ZENON STAR — MANGLED BY WHATEVER IT FAILED TO STOP. WHERE IS THE POOR DEVIL WHO USED IT?

SCANS REVEAL NOTHING, MISTER RYNN. MY SELF-PRESERVATION CIRCUITS ARE UNDER A SEVERE STRAIN.

MOMENTS LATER THEY WERE AIRBORNE AGAIN. PRESENTLY —

A BUILDING? WHAT KIND OF STRUCTURE IS THAT? TAKE HER DOWN, DROID.

I ADVISE EXTREME CAUTION, MISTER RYNN.

AS THEY NEARED THE STRUCTURE —

GREAT GALAXIES! EVASIVE ACTION!



THE CREATURE LASHED OUT —



TOO LATE — OUT  
OF CONTROL —



RYNN PICKED HIMSELF UP, BUT TROUBLE  
WAS ONLY JUST BEGINNING —

A MASSIVE INSECT!

NEGATIVE, MISTER RYNN. IT  
IS ROBOTIC.

THEY WATCHED AS THE ROBOT CARRIED THE  
WRECKAGE OF THE FLIER TO THE STRUCTURE.

ROBOT MAYBE, BUT IT'S  
CERTAINLY BEHAVING LIKE  
AN ANT — TAKING ITS  
CATCH BACK TO THE NEST.  
INTRIGUING . . .

I'M PICKING UP SIGNALS,  
MISTER RYNN. PERHAPS  
WE ARE NOT BEING  
IGNORED AFTER ALL. WAIT  
SCANNERS DETECT —





**RYNN LEAPT TO DROID'S RESCUE —**





HAVE NO FEAR, THE  
CAVALRY IS HERE,  
DROID.

BUT EVEN AS RYNN PREPARED TO  
JUMP AFTER DROID.



WHAT ON TERRA?

THIS IS NO TIME FOR FRIVOLITY,  
MISTER RYNN. WE MUST GET  
AWAY FROM HERE IMMEDIATELY.

AS RYNN FOUGHT TO DISLodge THE CLINGING ROBOT BUGS THEY DISCHARGED AN EVIL-SMELLING FOAM OVER HIM.

HELP ME GET THEM OFF, DROID. QUICKLY.

GREAT GALAXIES — THE WHOLE STRUCTURE OF THE SUIT IS DISINTEGRATING.

THAT FOAM IS HIGHLY CORROSIVE, MISTER RYNN. THE ACID IS EATING INTO YOUR SUIT.

GET OUT OF THE SUIT, MISTER RYNN. YOU'VE NO CHOICE.

EVEN AS RYNN STRUGGLED FREE OF THE SUIT.

PHEW, THAT WAS CLOSE, DROID.

MORE ROBOTS, MISTER RYNN. USE THE MEGABLASTER TO COVER OUR RETREAT.




**BUT THE MEGABLASTER HAD NOT ESCAPED THE FOAM.**

**OUR ONLY WEAPON  
— USELESS.**

**WORSE THAN THAT, MISTER  
RYNN. SENSORS SHOW THE  
CORROSION IS EATING INTO THE  
CIRCUITS WHICH ARE  
OVERLOADING. IT WILL EXPLODE  
IN 5.2 SECONDS.**

**EVEN AS THE ROBOTS SPED TOWARDS THEM,  
RYNN HURLED THE MEGABLASTER IN THEIR  
FACES.**

**DOWN!**



WE HAVE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE SPACE RIDER, MISTER RYNN. ON FOOT, UNFORTUNATELY. THE SUMMONING DEVICE IS NOT FUNCTIONING. BUT I SHALL ENDEAVOUR TO REPAIR IT.

RYNN AND DROID HEADED BACK IN THE DIRECTION THEY HAD COME —

THEY'VE GONE RIGHT PAST US. THOSE ROBOT INSECTS CAN'T BE EQUIPPED WITH SENSORS. THEY'RE SEARCHING FOR US VISUALLY.



FURTHER ON —

NO LIFE LIKE OURS EXISTS ON THIS "WORLD", YET ROBOTIC SYSTEMS TEND THEIR WORLD AS IF NOTHING IS WRONG.

INTERESTING — JUST AS ANTIBODIES IN MY BLOOD ATTACK INVADING GERMS, THE ROBOT GUARDIANS PROTECT THE WORLD AGAINST INVADERS — US! IT ALL BEGINS TO MAKE SOME KIND OF SENSE.





SOME TIME LATER —

IF WE DO AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE  
TO ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION  
WE MIGHT GET OUT OF HERE  
ALIVE — UNLIKE THOSE POOR  
DEVILS WE CAME HERE TO  
RESCUE ...



SCANS DETECT A  
ROBOT, MISTER RYNN,  
APPROACHING  
RAPIDLY —



THEY DARTED OUT OF SIGHT —

I WONDER WHERE IT'S GOING IN  
SUCH A HURRY. I'VE A HUNCH  
WE SHOULD FOLLOW IT.



OH, NO, MISTER RYNN. YOUR  
HUNCHES HAVE A HABIT OF  
LANDING US IN MAXIMUM TROUBLE  
— WE'VE GOT ENOUGH ALREADY,  
SURELY!



DESPITE DROID'S PROTESTS, THEY FOLLOWED THE ROBOT, TO FIND —

IT'S TRYING TO REACH  
SOMETHING HIDING IN A FISSURE  
AT THE BASE OF THE CLIFF.  
SCANNING... SOMETHING  
HUMANOID, MISTER RYNN!

DARE WE HOPE...? COME  
ON, DROID. LET'S EVEN UP  
THE ODDS AGAINST THAT  
METAL BRUTE!

AS THE ROBOT'S ATTENTION WAS  
FIXED ON ITS PREY, STARHAWK  
SNATCHED UP A ROCK AND  
SPRINTED TO THE ATTACK.

BY THE TIME IT REALISES IT'S GOT  
COMPANY IT'LL BE TOO LATE — I  
HOPE!



**TIME TO ADJUST YOUR  
VISION CIRCUITS!**

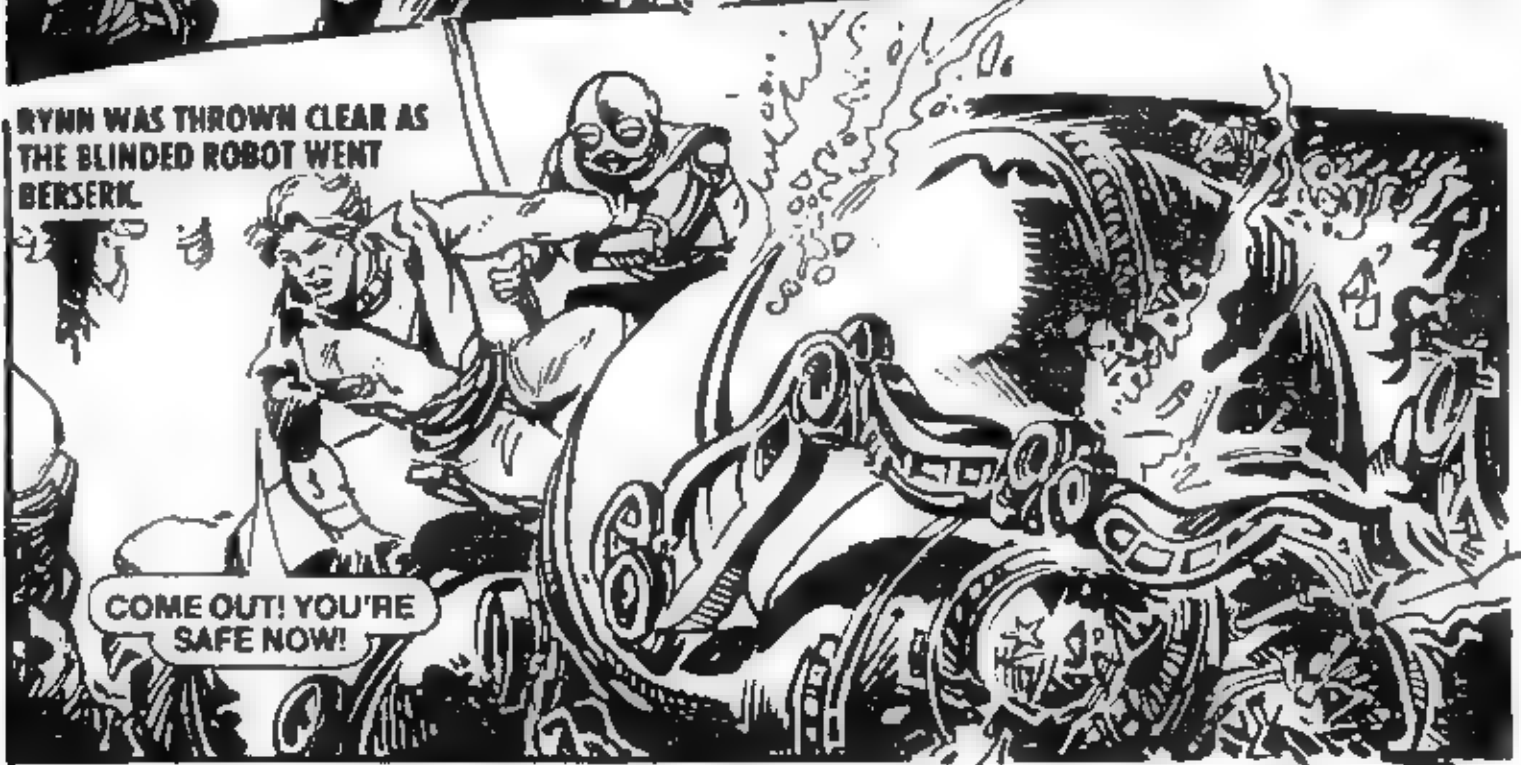
**AND, AS THE ROBOT STRUGGLED  
TO DISLodge ITS ATTACKER.**

**MORE OF THOSE BUGS!  
TAKE 'EM, DROID.**



**RYNN WAS THROWN CLEAR AS  
THE BLINDED ROBOT WENT  
BERSERK.**

**COME OUT! YOU'RE  
SAFE NOW!**









"SEEING THE OTHERS DEAD, RETREAT WAS MY ONLY OPTION. LUCKILY MY SPACE SUIT ENABLED ME TO USE THE RIVER AS A MEANS OF ESCAPE."



I WAS FINALLY FORCED TO DISCARD THE SUIT. LATER, FINDING A BUG ON MY TAIL I LURED IT TO THE BASE OF THE CLIFF AND DISLODGED A ROCK ABOVE IT. I WAS EXAMINING THE WRECKAGE FOR ANYTHING OF USE WHEN ITS COUSIN TURNED UP.





MANY KILOMETRES AWAY, A ROBOT BUG STRAYED INTO THE SPACE RIDER'S DEFENSIVE SCREEN — WITH FATAL RESULTS.

AUXILIARY POWER CIRCUIT SEVERED — SHIPBOARD POWER SYSTEMS FAILURE ...

AT THAT MOMENT INSIDE THE SPACE RIDER.

THAAD LOST NO TIME IN REACHING THE CONTROL CABIN OF THE SPACE RIDER—

A POWER REDUCTION! SECONDARY SYSTEMS ARE RESPONDING BUT NOT QUICKLY ENOUGH TO REACTIVATE THE FORCEFIELD HOLDING ME! HAI HAI!

THE SYSTEMS WON'T RESPOND. MY ONLY HOPE LIES WITH THAT OTHER SHIP.



PENETRATING THE FREIGHTER, THE  
MUTANT CYBORG FOUND THE ZENON  
STAR FREE OF PROTECTIVE SYSTEMS,  
AND—

PAH! THIS SHIP NORMALLY  
REQUIRES TWO PILOT  
OPERATORS YET IT IS  
CHILD'S PLAY FOR ME.



BUT THEY HAD UNDERESTIMATED THE COMPLEXITY  
OF OPERATING THE ZENON STAR.

MALFUNCTIONS ... CAN'T  
— CAN'T MAINTAIN —  
NOOOOOO.




THE SHIP BLEW APART —



AT LEAST THE  
LIFERAFT WORKS!



THE ENTIRE SPACESHIP  
WORLD SHOOK WITH THE  
IMPACT. MOMENTS LATER,  
AS THE TINY ESCAPE RAFT  
CAME TO REST—



THE SPACE RIDER IS NOW MY  
ONLY MEANS OF ESCAPE FROM  
THIS PLACE. THAT MEANS  
FINDING THAT ACCURSED  
ANDROID TO PILOT THE SHIP —  
AND FIND HIM I WILL —  
WHATEVER IT TAKES ...

INSIDE THE STRANGE WORLD STARHAWK, OXLEY AND  
DROID WERE IGNORANT OF THAAD'S ESCAPE. THEY  
HAD MORE URGENT PROBLEMS ...



WHAT WAS  
THAT TREMOR?

I HAVEN'T A CLUE! RIGHT  
NOW I'M WORRIED  
ABOUT THEM.



MOMENTS LATER—

IT WOULD SEEM TO BE A VENTILATION SHAFT, MISTER RYNN. THERE'S NO TELLING WHERE IT LEADS. DESCENDING COULD BE DANGEROUS — MY SELF-PRESERVATION CIRCUITS—

QUIT THE CACKLE  
... JUST RUN.

THEY DESCENDED A LADDER UNTIL EVENTUALLY—

WHAT IS THIS PLACE?  
IT'S SO COLD ...

A PRELIMINARY SCAN CONFIRMS  
MY WORST SUSPICIONS. THE  
PEOPLE OF THIS WORLD AREN'T  
DEAD AFTER ALL. THEY'RE HERE—



**RYNN WIPED AWAY THE THIN FILM OF FROST COATING THE NEAREST OBJECT.**


**THEY'RE HERE IN CRYOGENIC  
SUSPENSION — SLEEPING  
UNTIL THEIR JOURNEY'S END  
— WHENEVER THAT IS . . .**

**SURELY THAT IS OBVIOUS, MISTER  
RYNN. EVEN WHILE WE HAVE BEEN  
STANDING HERE I HAVE DETECTED  
A MINUTE RISE IN THE  
TEMPERATURE. THERE'S NO DOUBT  
— THEY ARE THAWING!**



THIS PLACE IS GOING TO GET TOO CROWDED FOR MY LIKING SOON. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

ACTIVITY UP AHEAD, MISTER RYNN. I THINK WE ARE APPROACHING THE SYSTEMS CONTROL CENTRE OF THE SPACESHIP WORLD.



THEY FOUND THAT A SELECT FEW OF THE WORLD'S INHABITANTS WERE FULLY REVIVED AND ALREADY BUSY IN THE CONTROL CENTRE.

THE AIR IS FULL OF WEIRD SCRAPING AND CLICKING NOISES. COULD THAT BE ...

... THEIR LANGUAGE? YES. I'VE ASSIMILATED ENOUGH TO COMPUTE A TRANSLATION, BUT YOU AREN'T GOING TO LIKE WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.



THEY LOOK MEAN TO ME. I DON'T FANCY THEM AS NEIGHBOURS.

THEY — THE VAARD — ARE RUTHLESS INVADERS WHO CRUSH ALL LIFEFORMS THAT DARE TO OPPOSE THEIR COLONISATION. THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE THOUGH...

WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM, SOMEHOW...

AS DROID CONCENTRATED ON LEARNING ABOUT THE VAARD...

WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, EH? ARREST THEM? WE CAN'T TAKE ON AN ENTIRE—



STARHAWK'S HAIR-TRIGGER REFLEXES SAVED HIM FROM DEATH.

WHA — LOOK OUT!

A black and white comic book panel showing a chaotic battle scene. In the foreground, a man with long hair (Starhawk) is being pulled back by a woman with dark, curly hair. Starhawk is looking back over his shoulder with a shocked expression. A bright, starburst-shaped laser blast is hitting the ground just behind him. In the background, several alien creatures with insect-like features are attacking. One alien is in the air, having just thrown a weapon. The scene is filled with motion lines and debris, suggesting a high-stakes fight.

GOT YOU!

A black and white comic book panel showing the continuation of the battle. Starhawk is being tackled from behind by a large, striped alien creature. The woman is holding Starhawk's arm, trying to help him. Another alien is visible in the background, running towards them. The ground is rocky and uneven. The scene is dynamic, with a lot of action and tension.

THERE'S MORE — ONLY  
ONE HOPE...

47  
OXLEY SNATCHED UP THE FALLEN VAARD WEAPON—



WE MUST LEAVE THIS WORLD AT  
ONCE, MISTER RYNN. FROM  
WHAT I CAN GATHER THE  
GUIDANCE SYSTEMS HAVE BEEN  
DAMAGED BEYOND REPAIR —  
WE'RE PLUNGING TOWARDS THE  
ARCTUREAN SUN. THE VAARD  
ARE DOOMED, AND US WITH  
THEM ...

AT THAT MOMENT URGHA THAAD WAS  
HITCHING A LIFT ON A FLYING  
CREATURE—

THIS ROBOT WILL MAKE  
SEARCHING FOR THAT ACCURSED  
ANDROID MUCH EASIER. NOW TO  
SHORT CIRCUIT ITS CEREBRAL  
CORTEX AND TAKE CONTROL ...



EVEN AS THAAD BEGAN HIS AIRBORNE SEARCH—

LOOK! THEIR ENGINES OF  
DESTRUCTION READY TO LAY  
WASTE TO THE HAPLESS PLANETS  
THEY SELECT FOR  
COLONISATION.



GET ABOARD THE NEAREST  
ONE — QUICKLY — IT'S OUR  
BEST BET.



MOMENTS LATER—

THE VAARD HORDES PRESSED EVER CLOSER THEN, SUDDENLY, THE FEARSOME BATTLE MACHINE WAS IN MOTION.

GET THIS HEAP MOVING, ANDROID. BEFORE WE'RE OVERWHELMED BY THEIR SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS.

LET'S GO, DROID! WE'LL MAKE SURE NOTHING ■ LEFT IN THE ARMOURY TO THREATEN US.



SOON, A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION WAS LEFT BEHIND THEM—


WE'VE MADE IT! NOW TO  
HEAD FOR THE AIRLOCK —  
AND SPACE RIDER.

WE CAN'T GET THROUGH  
THE AIRLOCK, MISTER  
RYNN. WHATEVER CAUSED  
THE MASSIVE GUIDANCE  
SYSTEMS FAILURE HAS  
ALSO IMMOBILISED THE  
AIRLOCK MECHANISMS.

BUT—

THEN WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO  
NOW, CAPTAIN MIRACLE?

I HAVE AN IDEA WHICH, I  
CONFESS, IS SO IDIOTIC IT WILL  
PROBABLY GET US KILLED. YET  
TRAPPED IN HERE WE'RE DEAD  
ANYWAY.



CAN YOU REACH THE SPACE RIDER BY BOOSTING SIGNALS THROUGH THE SYSTEMS ABOARD THIS MACHINE, DROID, PROVIDED YOU'VE REPAIRED THE CALL-UP SYSTEM?


CERTAINLY, MISTER RYNN. IT'S ALL A MATTER OF TRANSCIVER POWER. BUT THE SHIP CAN'T REACH US ...

EVEN SO, MOMENTS LATER THE SPACE RIDER WAS UNDER DROID'S REMOTE CONTROL.



THE SPACE RIDER HAS A SPECIAL MISSION TO CARRY OUT. OUR SURVIVAL DEPENDS ON ITS SUCCESS.





TREMORS, MISTER RYNN. THE EXTERNAL HULL OF THE WORLD IS REACTING TO THE GROWING HEAT AS IT APPROACHES THE SUN. TIME IS RUNNING OUT.

FEAR NOT, DROID. THAT LAKE IS OUR DESTINATION. ONCE WE ARE THERE WE PULL THE PLUG ON IT ... AND GET DRAWN OUT TO SAFETY.



YET EVEN AS THEY HEADED DOWN THE SLOPE  
THE TREMORS INTENSIFIED.

FULL SPEED AHEAD, DROID.  
DON'T STOP FOR ANYTHING.

IS THAT YOUR MASTER  
PLAN? YOU'RE  
TOTALLY MAD!!

THIS VEHICLE WILL  
MAKE A PERFECT  
LIFEBOAT. STAND BY  
FOR INSTRUCTION,  
DROID. MEANWHILE  
GET US TO THAT  
WATER.


THE SLOPES ABOVE ARE  
BREAKING UP, MISTER RYNN.

BRACE YOURSELVES!

MOMENTS LATER—



BY SOME MIRACLE WE'RE  
STILL IN ONE PIECE.



THE HEAVILY ARMoured  
HULL OF THIS VEHICLE  
SAVED US, MISTER RYNN,  
AND IT REMAINS  
INTACT... IT WILL STILL  
PRESSURISE.





THIS VEHICLE IS  
GOING NO FURTHER.  
WE ARE JAMMED  
IN THESE ROCKS.

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK,  
DROID. HELP ME  
DISCONNECT ONE OF THE  
HULL WEAPONS. WE'LL BLAST  
OURSELVES FREE.

MOMENTS LATER RYNN WAS STAGGERING  
UNDER THE WEIGHT OF A HIGH POWERED  
ENERGY WEAPON WHILST DROID ORGANISED  
THE POWER SUPPLY.



CONNECT  
THIS UP.


WITH PLEASURE,  
MISTER RYNN. THE  
HIGH-ENERGY  
FEEDBACK IS PLAYING  
HAVOC WITH MY  
SENSORS.

JUST THEN A FAMILIAR VOICE GRATED MOCKINGLY ...

GREETINGS,  
STARCREEP!

OH, NO! I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT ...





I'VE COME FOR YOUR  
ANDROID. HE'S GONNA  
PILOT YOUR RUSTBUCKET  
OUT OF THIS PLACE FOR  
ME.

EVEN AS DROID DARTED TO HELP  
HIS PARTNER, THAAD'S  
CYBERTRONIC GRIP RENDERED HIM  
HELPLESS.

UNNNHHH ...

AND WHILST I'M AT IT, THERE'S A  
SCORE TO SETTLE. PREPARE TO  
DIE, STARPIGI!



BUT, THAAD TOUCHED A POWER LEAD—

WHAT THE....?

THE MOMENTARY DISTRACTION WAS ALL THAT STARHAWK NEEDED TO GRASP THE POWER CABLE, ENERGISE IT, AND—

BY THE MOONS OF —

**THAAD'S VAST BULK LAY TWITCHING AT THEIR FEET.**

**GRIEF! THAT JOLT WOULD HAVE  
KILLED THE LIKES OF YOU OR ME  
— YET THAT HULK IS MERELY  
STUNNED.**



**PRESENTLY, AS THAAD STIRRED.**

**GNRR . . . I'M GONNA — WHA? WHAT'S THIS?**

**A LIMPET MICROCHARGE. ONE  
FALSE MOVE AND I DETONATE IT.  
IT'S AN INCENTIVE TO ENSURE  
YOUR CO-OPERATION.**



AND SO THAAD WAS PUT TO WORK.

I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS,  
STARFILTH. JUST WAIT ...

GET A MOVE ON, THAAD.  
ALL OUR LIVES COUNT ON IT.

FINALLY, ■ THE TREMORS SHOOK  
THE LANDSCAPE WITH SHARPLY  
INCREASING FEROCITY, THE CRAFT  
WAS AT LAST FREED.

THE MACHINE CAN BARELY  
MOVE, MISTER RYNN. IT  
COULD RIP ITSELF APART.  
ALSO POWER SYSTEMS  
THREATENING TO  
OVERLOAD.

WE NEED JUST ENOUGH  
TO GET US INTO THE RIVER.

AGONISING MOMENTS LATER THEY  
PLUNGED INTO THE TORRENT.

MADE IT! NOW THE CURRENT  
WILL CARRY US INTO THE LAKE.



SOON—

THE SPACE RIDER IS AT THE CO-ORDINATES CALCULATED. PHOTON TORPEDOES PRIMED AND READY TO GO. TIME IS RUNNING OUT MISTER RYNN.

HOLD YOUR FIRE TILL WE'VE REACHED THE LAKE. ONCE THE TORPEDOES HAVE PUNCHED A HOLE IN THE WALL OF THIS OVERGROWN SPACESHIP ALL THE WATER SHOULD BE SUCKED OUT — AND US WITH IT!

AS THE CURRENT SWEEPED THEM THROUGH A BUCKLING LANDSCAPE, AT THE SUNWARD SIDE OF THE WORLD WHERE THE VAARD FLEET WAS PREPARING TO EVACUATE.



I'M PICKING UP THROUGH THE VAARD COMMUNICATION CHANNELS THAT THEY ARE ATTEMPTING AN EVACUATION. BUT THEY'RE TOO LATE. THE SUNWARD SIDE OF THE WORLD IS BREAKING APART.



THE ODDS ARE LOADED AGAINST US TOO, DROID. WE'VE RUN OUT OF TIME, SO HERE GOES — FIRE STAR RIDERS' TORPS!

THE COMMAND WAS GIVEN—



WHILST THE IMPACT OF THE PHOTON TORPEDOES WAS SCARCELY FELT AMIDST THE SHOCK WAVES OF THE DOOMED WORLD, THE EFFECT WAS APPARENT WITHIN SECONDS.

THE HULL IS BREACHED. EVERYTHING IS GETTING SUCKED OUT INTO THE VOID.



INCLUDING US, I HOPE. INSTRUCT THE SPACE RIDER TO KEEP CLEAR.

WITH HORRIFYING SPEED THE REMORSELESS FORCES RYNN HAD UNLEASHED PULLED THEM INTO A GIGANTIC VORTEX.

AND AS THEY NEARED THE HULL...

IT'S MY THEORY THAT THE WATER WILL CUSHION US. IF I'M WRONG THERE WILL BE NO ONE AROUND TO COMPLAIN.

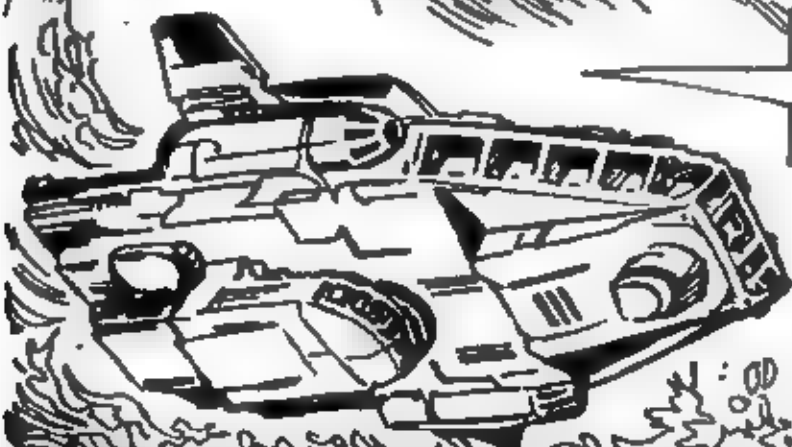
IT'S GOING TO BE A TIGHT SQUEEZE. LOOK OUT — THOSE ROCKS!

GOT THEM, MISTER RYNN, BUT ENERGY LEVELS NOW PERILOUSLY LOW.

THAT'S VERY COMFORTING, MISTER RYNN. CABIN PRESSURE CONSTANT SO FAR.

MOMENTS LATER, ON STAR RIDER—

ALL SCANS NEGATIVE. TRANSMISSIONS FROM DROID HALTED. STATUS PRESUMED NONFUNCTIONAL...





BUT THEN A VERY WEAK SIGNAL  
ATTRACTED THE SPACE RIDER'S ATTENTION.

IT WORKED RYNN.  
IT WORKED!

NO ONE IS MORE  
SURPRISED THAN ME.

SOON THEY HAD TRANSFERRED TO THE  
SPACE RIDER, AND WITH THAAD SAFELY  
BACK IN THE BRIG

NONE OF THE VAARD HAS  
SURVIVED, AND WE WITNESS THE  
DESTRUCTION OF WHAT MUST  
SURELY BE THE GREATEST FEAT  
OF ENGINEERING THE GALAXY  
HAS EVER SEEN ...

STAR BASE ZETA'S CO-ORDINATES  
LOGGED INTO THE NAVIGATION  
COMPUTER, MISTER RYNN.





GET US AWAY FROM HERE, PRONTO, DROID. MAXIMUM BOOST. THE THREAT OF THE VAARD IS ENDED. THE GALAXY HAS ENOUGH PROBLEMS WITHOUT THEM!

SEVERAL STAR DAYS LATER —

HEY, STAR RAT. IT'S HIGH TIME YOU RID ME OF THIS DEVICE. BUT BE CAREFUL HOW YA DO IT!



NO PROBLEM. JUST PULL IT OFF. IT'S A FOOD CONTAINER I FOUND IN THE VAARD SHIP — TOTALLY HARMLESS. THE IMPORTANT THING WAS THAT YOU THOUGHT IT COULD KILL YOU!

I'LL GET YOU ... I'LL G—



BRAIN TRIUMPHS OVER BRAWN, EH, RYNN? MIGHTY CLEVER I'LL ADMIT. BY THE WAY — THIS IS FOR RESCUING ME. EVEN IF I DID SAVE YOUR LIFE TOO.



**SCAN DETECTS A RADICAL  
ALTERATION IN FACIAL  
PIGMENTATION, MISTER RYNN. I  
BELIEVE IT IS CALLED BLUSHING ...**

**BELT UP, DROID. LET'S GET THIS  
WOMAN ON HER FLIGHT THEN  
FIND SOMETHING RESTFUL TO DO  
— LIKE AMBUSHING A KRELL  
BATTLE FLEET!**

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	<b>AND DRAGONS</b> <input type="checkbox"/>	<b>SORCERY</b>
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	<b>ADVENTURE</b> <input type="checkbox"/>	<b>DR. WHO</b>
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# RETURN OF STARHAWK

WHEN  
STARHAWK  
WAS  
SUMMONED TO  
HELP, HE  
COULDN'T  
HAVE  
IMAGINED  
WHAT WAS IN  
STORE.  
DANGER  
LURKED IN THE  
WIERD WORLD,  
DISHING OUT  
DEATH TO ANY  
WHO DARED  
INTRUDE . . .  
AND THIS  
WORLD  
EXISTED INSIDE  
A VAST  
STARSHIP.

